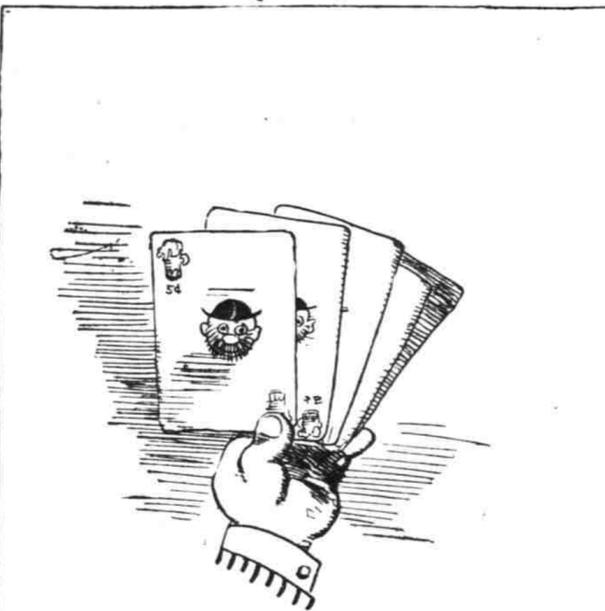




MIKE AND IKE - THEY LOOK ALIKE - By R. H. GOLDBERG



MIKE MAY HAVE HIS FAULTS, BUT NO ONE CAN SAY THAT HE IS NOT GAME - UNDAUNTED BY HIS FIRST FAILURE IN THE SONG-WRITING GAME, HE TOOK HIS FOUNTAIN PEN IN HAND AND DORED OUT THIS ONE :-

"IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOUR EYES ARE BLUE THAT I LOVE YOU SO MUCH;
IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOUR CHEEKS ARE RED YOU PUT MY HEART IN DUTCH
IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOUR VOICE IS SWEET THAT I ADORE YOU SO -
IT IS BECAUSE YOUR UNCLE DIED AND LEFT YOU ALL HIS DOUGH"

IKE BRAVELY TOOK HIS BROTHER'S SECOND RAVE TO A PUBLISHER AND AWAITED THE VERDICT IN THE HALLWAY - IN TEN MINUTES HE HEARD THE AMBULANCE BELLS RINGING AND BEFORE HE COULD REALIZE WHAT HAPPENED HE WAS CHAINED TO ANOTHER NUT WHO SMILINGLY SAID, "GOOD MORNING, NAPOLEON, DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? I'M GEORGE WASHINGTON."

